

poses chesty for me to come across with the admirin' gaze. I had to grin, too. So here was a sample of what we reward with homes on Riverside Drive, and limousines, and English butlers? We're a great people.

Me bein' one of the common people, I grins. Smart guy, this Mr. Struble. He knows how to put it over us. 'At-a-boy! He's got the coin to prove it.

"Well," says I, "you can take it easy enough now. Have things pretty soft, eh?"

"Yes," says he. "We're livin' up among the swells, right with the best of 'em. Seemed sort of odd at first. Does yet. But I guess we'll get used to it. Sort of lonesome at times, though."

"No young folks comin' on to help you enjoy it?" I asks.

STRUBLE'S big moon face clouds up and a starey look settles in his wide-set eyes. "There's only Junior," says he, "and he—well, I'm a little disappointed in him."

"Don't he take kindly to the soap business?" says I.

"I didn't want him to go into that," says Struble.

"I see," says I. "Sent him to college, did you?"

Struble nods. "I tried," says he. "I wanted him to be a lawyer, or something like that. I—I guess he did his best, too; but he couldn't seem to make it."

"Didn't fire him, did they?" says I.

Struble sighs. "Not exactly," says he.

"But after he'd been a freshman two terms without making any progress—well, he didn't want to keep on. I'd sort of got discouraged, too—and after all I'd done. Why, he had everything he wanted—fine rooms, racing car, Jap valet. There wasn't a boy in college had more. But he just couldn't seem to stick to his books. I don't know why."

"I've heard of just such cases," says I. "And sometimes it's the young hick with the fastest roadster that studies slowest. Odd, ain't it?"

Struble gives me one of his stupid stares, indicatin' that he don't get the connection.

"Didn't hit the sportin' life too hard, did he?" I suggests.

"What, Junior?" says Struble. "No, he's a good boy, you know. Not a bit wild. He felt as badly about failing as we did—his mother and I. But there was no use going on. I had a straight talk with him. He'd have gone into the factory if I had insisted. But I didn't want him there. Not yet, anyway. I wanted him to make good on his own hook, like I did. So I got him a place with a firm of brokers; nice, clean business. But he didn't take to that, either. No head for figures. I found another job for him, with a big machinery company, down at Perth Amboy. Took away his allowance this time, too. He's down there now. His mother makes a fuss; says he'll get sick, maybe starve. But if he's going to be a rank failure I want to know it. He understands. This is his last chance. If he comes home this time— Oh, I'll take care of him, but that's all. Put him on a pension, you know, and sort of count him out."

"Heard how he's getting on?" says I.

"Not lately," says Struble. "Not for a month or so. I—I suppose he will be showing up soon. Then I'll know he's no good. It—it's kind of tough, McCabe, with only one."

"Oh, maybe he won't turn out a flivver, after all," says I.

Struble sighs deep. "I wish I could think so," says he, "but—"

Just then the front office door opens brisk and in breezes a square-shouldered, heavy-treadin' gent in a stream-line frock-coat and knife-blade pants.

"Hello!" says he. "Hub around?"

"Yep," says I. "Around the axle, as usual, just inside the spokes."

"Don't," says he. "This is my busy day. I mean Struble."

"Eh?" says I. "Why, this is Mr. Struble here"; and I points to H. K.

The stranger takes one glance and laughs. "That's funny," says he. "Odd name, too. But it's Hub Struble I'm looking for."

The soap magnate gazes at him puz-

zled, and it looked like a deadlock until the new arrival begins to explain.

"Malloy's my name," says he. "I'm with the General Sports Company; assistant manager. And I've been trailing this young Struble for three days. Had word he was working in Perth Amboy, but found they'd let him go three weeks ago."

I glances over at Struble, and he blinks pathetic at me.

"They gave me two addresses," says Malloy. "I tackled the downtown one first, a big office building, and some clerk steered me up here. You don't know him, eh? Then I'll try the other number, around on Sixth Avenue."

"Wait," says Struble. "Is—is it something he owes?"

"Owes!" says Malloy. "Say, what's that to you?"

"Not much," says Struble; "only—well, I'm his father, you see."

"Wha-a-at!" says the assistant manager. "Hub Struble's father, are you? Well, say, I don't need to tell you that you've got some boy there. Yes, yes."

Struble he just blinks and waits for Malloy to go on—which he does.

"We've had our eye on him," says he, "ever since he made such a showing in the Junior Met. Then, when he waded through to the semi-finals in the open—well, we knew he was a comer. And those are the ones that can handle our goods best, the ones that are getting the lime-light. See?"

We didn't, either of us.

"I—don't quite understand," says Struble. "Just what is it my boy has done?"

Which was where Malloy got his jolt.

home a cup last year, I remember, from some college tournament. But he never talked much about it. You see, I'm such a duffer myself that I expect he didn't feel like mentioning golf to me. But you—you think Junior is likely to be good at it?"

"He's our pick of the young amateurs," says Malloy, "and I'm betting that inside of a year, if he plays the open dates, he'll be one of the best known golfers in the country. Physique, form, temperament—he's got 'em all. Why, there at Detroit I saw him make a hundred-yard mashie pitch to a green with a gallery standing twenty deep behind the ropes and a battery of camera men almost at his elbow; and he went at it as steady as if he'd been practising out behind the club-house. That's tournament nerve for you! His first play before a big crowd, too, I hear. Oh, he'll come through. You watch!"

"Suppose he does," asks Struble. "What is there in it—playing golf?"

"Playing par golf," corrects Malloy, "is a profession, and a mighty good one if it's worked right. For instance, there's a twenty-five-hundred-dollar job waiting for him with us, and he goes and comes about as he pleases. Then they'll be naming irons and golf balls after him, for a good bonus. The magazines'll be wanting articles from him. Resort hotels will send him invitations. Millionaires will take him along in their private cars and give him market tips in exchange for advice on how to cure a slice. Oh, it pays, all right! But what's he doing in a cheap rooming joint over on Sixth Avenue? That's what I'd like to know."

"I think that interests me some, too," says Struble. "McCabe, suppose you go

"Oh!" says he, glancin' up and turnin' pink in the ears. "It's you, is it, dad?"

"Hubert," says Struble, clearin' his throat, "why didn't you come home?"

"I couldn't," says the boy. "I—I hadn't made good. It isn't in me, I guess. I've been trying again, here in town. It's no use. I—I'm sorry, dad."

"They tell me you're quite a golfer," says Struble.

"That's the trouble," says Hub. "I only asked for ten days or so off for the tournament, and they gave me the chuck."

"You did well though, I'm told," says Struble. "You've gotten to be a crack, eh?"

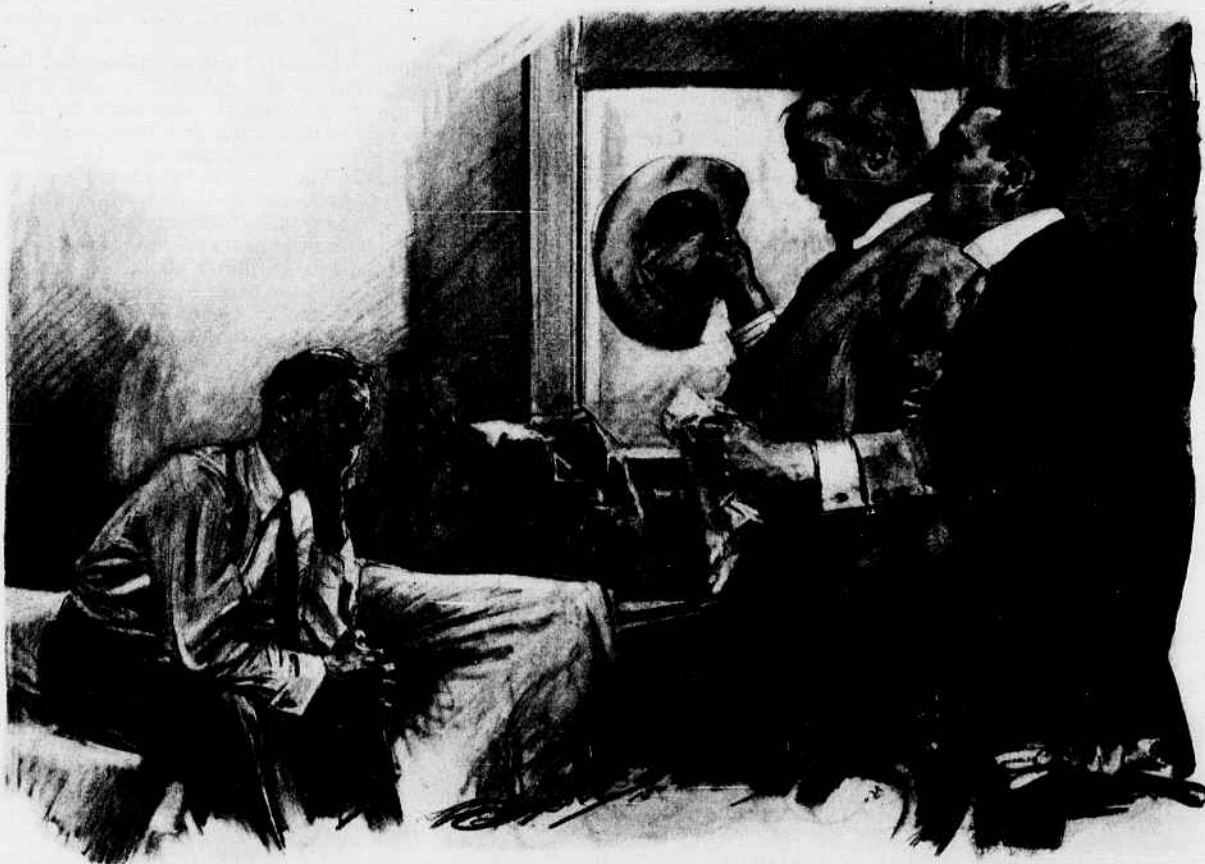
"Oh, I can shoot it a little at times," says Hubert. "But what's the good? Why, I can't earn enough to pay caddie fees."

"Perhaps I can fix that," says Mr. Malloy, pushin' to the front. "Remember me, don't you? I'm with the General Sports. I was talking to you at Detroit."

He gets straight to business, Malloy does; and inside of half an hour young Mr. Struble has signed a two years' contract and has a five hundred advance check in his fist.

Old H. K. he watches the proceedin's, pop-eyed and gaspy. "Well, well!" says he. "Why, I was twice your age before I ever had half that much. Now I guess we can go home and talk to mother; eh, Hubert?"

SAY, do you keep the run of these golf meets? I never used to, but since I got to know Hub Struble I've sort of followed what he's been doing. He's down in the long-leaf pine belt now, I see,



"They tell me you're quite a golfer," says Struble. "That's the trouble," says Hub. "I only asked for ten days off for the tournament, and they gave me the chuck."

"Say, you don't mean to tell me," says he, "that you don't know Hub Struble's golf record? Why, if he'd sunk a six-foot putt on the eighteenth he'd stood a good show of pulling down the open championship! Say, his drives are the sweetest wooden club work you ever saw; two-seventy-five, as a rule, straight on the pin, with a swing as easy and graceful as a to-dancer waving a silk scarf. What he can't do with a mashie, too! Why that youngster'll be making Travis look like a beginner one of these days. Don't you read the golf news in the papers?"

Struble acts kind of dazed.

"No," says he. "Of course, I knew he played rather a good game. Brought

along with us. It isn't far. Besides, you know about him."

So the three of us goes scoutin' up Sixth Avenue until we comes to this furnished room place over an Italian caterer's. The maid that answers our ring directs us to the back hall room up two flights.

"Come," says a listless voice on the other side of the door, and Struble swings it open.

AND there, sittin' with his chin in his hand on a rickety cot-bed, is this husky-built heir to the soap works. Nice, pleasant-faced youth he is, too, with light wavy hair, placid blue eyes set almost as wide as H. K.'s, and a good, clear complexion.

shootin' some of them Southern courses in the seventies. Then here the other day, in a picture section, I runs across a big half-tone showin' him playin' off the finals—Asheville or Pinehurst or somewhere. And loomin' up prominent in the front edge of the crowd of spectators, with a pair of field-glasses slung over one shoulder and a snap-shot box across the other, is H. K. Struble.

And say, at last he's gettin' some real satisfaction out of them soap profits. He's the proud father of a golf champ. Well, that's something. I'm kind of glad he's got that much. For, after all, Struble ain't near such a punk proposition as his soap.